

Through the Mist

Fatima Gohar

Through The Mist

By

Fatima Gohar

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To my Mama who wept several times after reading my poems and my Baba without whose constant push, I would've never completed this book. I love you both.

Through The Mist

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Way to Madinah

I keep on walking
Here and there
Nothing to find
Where to go
The hot sun shines
Upon my head.
Sweat-drops run down
From the temples.
A cold breeze hugs
Making one follow
Its gait
Making a trail
To follow through blaze.

All make me think
About a message hidden
The message of invitation
I'm reproaching
Karavans are heading
But not do I notice.
I'm the one being called!
I feel ice, under my feet
In that scorching heat
Tears I wear
On my cheeks
"Where I am!"
I look here
I stare there
"just keep walking!"
Say the whispering air.
"your peace is near"
I keep heading
Holding hope in hands

My heart slows down
My eyes catch *Green*
A warm layer,
Freezes everything.
“Here you are!”
affirms the air.
mysteries are solved
no one to hold
but love is bold
I’m being told
My Beloved holds me
Now, no one to fear
Tears keep coming
Tongues are silent
He calls me at His place
The Final abode;
I’ll no longer be homeless.

A Winter's Morning

Waiting for the school bus
To come and pick me up
I stand alone at the roadside

Sometimes,
The late things
Give us joys too.
The joy of grief!
The joy of pious wait.

The vehicles move
slowly through
the thick fog
as the white mask
has muffled everything.

Nature do portray
nuances of Creator
And a hidden truth
In each of the limb.

A tiny, shiny diamond
Rests on my gloved hand
It draws my attention
As it were trying
To have my eyes.

Fog drops are pearls
Like embroidered beads
Find fixture on my *dupatta*
That rests on my shoulders.

The shiny drops
Are the soft prisms
Make me forget

Or I do neglect
all my worries
slows my hurries
that will recur in a while.

The canal water flows
by the side of the road
Makes the fog denser
Blurs all the faces;
Every coming body
Fades and vanishes
Permanently.

The bulky branches
Guarding the canal
Forbid the fog
To grow denser.

But free is air
to go anywhere
surpassing the resistance
without any hindrance

Perhaps they know
That they can't hinder
little drops to sit and stay.

Each blurring image
Excites my vision
And the sticky silence
Relieves my pains
Makes everything fix
To where they are
Me too stand
Where I am!

I try to catch
That scentless odour.
Closing my eyes

I do try
to feel and store
Everything inside
That frigid weather
Is lovely rather
Makes me astray
In its embraces

Here I hear
The beep of the bus
My senses recover
From that ecstasy.

I step in it
With a last glance
That will ever stay
As an asset of my life,
& leave everything behind.

Eternal Youth

What if I last longer than the picture?

What if my sins don't spoil my youth

And I appear scar-free, young always?

The picture will carry

Sorrows of me,

Scars in me,

And here I am

Clear as ice,

Pure as water,

Young as lily,

red as rose,

Forever and ever!

Portrait's getting old

ain't I anymore.
But a Captured one
heaves under my sorrows
With wrinkles and lines
Those eyes hold
My whole life
Let me not be
That vulnerable!
People will hold me,
Chew me, choke me!
Their piercing eyes
Tear me apart
Cover thy eyes
with a veil
they carry the hell
And all the wonders
The fire, the love
The lust, the emotions
Let the lifeless be old

Me being forever adolescent
Let me not be stale and rot.

(This poem was inspired by the novel 'The Picture
of Dorian Gray' by 'Oscar Wilde')

An Endless Pilgrimage

People always travel
From north to south
From east to west
From sand to water
From water to sand
From sand to sand
From his eyes, into the sand
From this world to that world
From cold to warmth
from warmth to cold
From mind to heart
from heart to feet
From desire to despair
All run down thy eyes

As long-lost hopes.
From first *adhan* to last wish
From skin to bones
From bone to marrow
Covers miles across miles
Destination is a fantasy
Which they never fancy
Just they keep travelling
Like the words
From air to ear
makes us hear
Loves and fears
Like travellers move
From skin into blood
Makes thy ground
shiver and tremble.
pilgrimage never ends
A pilgrim never settles.

Fall

What is fall if not the end of rise?

A death-note,
that comes at pretty price.

things fall apart

Fall is in seasons

Fall-outs!

in sunsets.

The ball drips down

Into the black;
world starts waiting
for much calmer one.

Hustles are gone

Seeds are sown

Now it's time to

Go through alone

The Sun sparks
then bury in the dark

The eye, big eye
Seems gazing one,
Staring one.

No place to find
Where to hide
From the spy.

It's burning bright
Waiting for my sight.

I sit in the corner
Away from the light
wait to come outside
until the dark
embraces the White.

I am ready to drown
In the fathomless realms,
The realms of eternity.

Where Worlds Collide

Here, I'll meet you
Where everything ends
But there's a start
In every end

Here, I'll meet you
Where doubt leads to surety
And truth becomes a lie.

Here, I'll meet you
Where nothing is caught
But everything's in hand.

Here, I'll meet you
Where you're about to fall
But find my hand
lying in yours.

Here, I'll meet you
Apart from this world
In the Utopian reality
Perhaps in the other world.

Here, I'll meet you
Where all the colors
Dwell in the darker one

Here, I'll meet you
Where all the colors
are hues of love.

Come, find me here
I'll meet you there.

Eclipse

Sun and moon
Are beautifully apart
one chases the other;
Runs after each other
Just for a hug!
They run and chase
A day is to come
When this chase
Is to make an end.
A few more steps
Our goal is ahead
The labor and sweat
Are to be fruitful then.

A lover meets his beloved
The whole universe is covered
With dark and dusk
Muffles the two
And the world
Calls it eclipse!
This union of moments
Leaves the world in awe
awestruck the earthly people
That how long the lover
Waited to kiss his beloved.

Midnight Dream

I am a midnight dream
I'm gone in the morning
Gone, when you want me to come
Gone, when behind me you run
Gone, with the drowning moon
Gone, with the haunting goon
Gone, from your chaotic room
Gone, out of your sight too soon
I am your midnight dream
Vague and blurry
But clear in your visions
Peacefully chaotic
Chaotically peaceful.

I can lull you to your death
I can give you hundred vigils
I can soothe your senses;
Your reckoning heart too.
I can be a demon too,
snatching your dreams.

Duality of Nature

The rushing thunder
in its rage,
destroys the barks.
with thunder and roar.

Wind rustles leaves, warmly
And leaves being obedient
gives a childish nod in return.

The rage is as much
sweet as love.
Lovers agonize too.
Nature is dual in essence
Loves when lovely,
destroys when ugly.

Death-A Demon

Why is it so difficult
To wake up from
dead winter's sleep
It is like "do or die"
You have to do it
Either you'd die
A decree of fate
Death is a demon
Always on watch
Keeps an eye
Waits at each step

Holds an axe
At your doorstep
Either you'll die
Or forever be there
to multiply.

Selene's shy eye

Why isn't crescent glorified

but the full moon!

Adorable are halves

Half-moons, half loves, half deaths

Haven't you seen her sharp curves

Sickle-like, sharp as sword

The arch of Luna

Outlines the eye

All the tiny stars

Twinkle as freckles

Over midnight's dark face

A smirk that appears

Upon hearing his name.
Her broken bangle
Once dangled around her wrist
Becomes the part of moon
Filmy thin
As first night's moon.
The curves of her nails
Shine on her slender fingers.
The deep well
Allures to write down
Grand epics on her beauty;
rest carelessly on her chin.

Pleasure in Pain

My heart is aching
I want it to ache
For in ache, there's pleasure
It gives one
The feeling of being alive
This ache makes me alive
For in pain, there's life.

Where I am?

Where I am?

It's so dark

I'm stifling,

suffocating

I can't breathe

You may help me

To drag it away

rope is tightening

On my neck

It's congesting

Don't lock me here!

Don't leave me alone!

Why you're weeping?

Why you're so sad?

I ain't dying!
I can't be dying!
Please don't cry
Fragrance is dying
Don't let me go
My *mom* won't bear
Don't tell my *abba*
I was his son
He needeth me the most
My little sister
Crying and hides
In a corner
Afraid to touch me
I'm the same!
Come and hug me
"I love you, my baby"
Why the cries are rising?
My kins are here
To carry me away

Away from my menage
Mom! please ask them
You don't want me
To go forever.
Nothing can be done!
They're shovelling
Dirt & soil
All over me.
Why they dig earth?
"Now it's her home"
"Let her sleep here"
Please take me out.
Don't leave me here
Ain't I the one
You loved the most?
Ain't I the one
you could never part?
How can y'all
Let me rot here?

To lie and die
The flowers of love
Are given on death.
Please don't shower
Those petals on me
when I'm least
in need of them.

Her Garden's Tale

We'd stroll
In floral dresses
Hands in hands
Arms entangled
Promenading together
Precisely, carelessly
Synchronizing our steps
I'd tie your hair
Long and smooth
waterfall in a piece of heaven
I'd hold the waterfall
In my hand
Carefully, cautiously
Letting it neither fall

Nor snap
The thin, straight strands
Precisely gathering
into a braid.
And then I'll pluck
daisies and blooms
From the flushing garden
Beside the crystal lake
Fresh and pure,
perfectly like you!
I'd gather up,
Florets and lilies
One by one
By throwing,
One look on you,
the other on them.
To see who's who
But then I forget
The flower in my eyes
Is more radiant
than the one in hand.

I give myself
A subtle jerk,
Bring myself back
to consciousness
Here you are
fluttering in the sunflowers
Bees are jealous
I gather the falling lilies
Run towards you
And engrave the flowers
One by one
Into your braids
As a Queen should be
Surrounded by beauties.
The rose should be
surrounded by jasmines.
Always and forever.

The Red String

I found it lying
wading the throngs
I found it
When I wasn't in need
I held it
Checked it
Rolled it
tied it around my finger
And carried it home.
The string stretches
Tightens its grip;
Pulls towards it.
Sometimes in my sleep

Sometimes when I weep
It tightens, it loosens
I try to follow
The home of it
The home of us
But the right time
was yet to come.
I waited and traced
Traced and chased
Chased and found
I found you
Working on your table
Tied around your index
The other stray end.
We met and pondered
Upon the fate
We parted a little too late
The string stretches across the lands
From deserts to forbidden islands

The string is tight
It's never to snap
It stings and stretches
Turns seconds into days
And years to decades
One day the string
Loosens its grip
I start to collect it
pull towards me
It came running
Like a lifeless swan
Like a drowning dawn
Like a death horn
Someone has cut it away
or it snapped in the way.
The Other end is forever away
Leaving me with red string to play

Guardian's Melody

He is a statue,
With honey-colored eyes
Flowered eyebrows
embracing look
messy & curly hair.
In his voice, calls my name;
melodious enough to tame
It melts every dame
The honey-colored stars
That I would blame
Every blink, every stare
Even lashes are trained
In how to claim
And how to chain

Each new prey.

If he ever goes,
He will go forever
With the least hope
To come and join
the begotten ties.

But once he dared
He will be like a Roman warrior
His words will be the sweetest verses
His verses will be the divine hymns
I will be his Psyche; forever
He will be my Cupid, forever.

Be My Rembrandt

Be my Rembrandt

& shape my life

A colorless,

Shapeless

Scentless entity.

Pick up your brush

Dip it in

The color of yours.

Give it a shape

With your strokes

Make my shades

On your palette

Give me the scent

Of your hands.

Shade the "Splendent"

The life with you

Rest of the other

Shade with black;

The ever-fading

Dark period.

Be my Rembrandt

& shade my personage

paint and make me

Your "Night Watch".

Immortal Ink

How does it feel
To be a character
Of someone's play

How would have Heer
Felt to be
The alluring part
Of Waris Shah's Epic

How beautifully
Shakespeare would've shaped
The lovely character
Of "Romeo's Juliet"

To be Medusa
Cursed one in Greeks
And be turned into stone
Just by her gaze!

Isn't it amazing
To be in someone's literature
To see
The literary version of yourself
To be the rhyme
Of thy poetry
How fortunate would be
To be penned forever
To be a recitation
Continuous in bits of words
Even after dying
To have an eternal life!

Heartstrings

The memory replays

Over and over

His sudden sight

Flickers my heart

Rips me apart

Duration between two beats prolong

Heart skips a beat

One runs to catch the other

But the former went too fast

To be caught

He's able to snatch my breath

Constrict my lungs

He's near
I don't fear
Eyes gleaming
Makes me dreaming.
Those sharp arrows
Darting in me
& I'm the one
Armouring the darts
diverting my gaze!
Nothing is hidden
I'm gonna die
Eyes don't lie
And,
At that very moment,
I was ready
To rip my heart out
To show my soul naked,
Exposed,
If he asked me to!

Let me fade away

Bit by bit

Shred by shred

Let me be sent

To where I belong

My abiding home!

Man cures Man

Man heals man
Put the antiseptic-human
On the open, sworn, burning,
Aching human wounds
And you'd see how
Human heals humans!

Knocks at Half-past Two

A clock ticks half past two
swirling fan echoes someone's name
hurried footsteps in the outer world.

someone knocks at the door

a hammer thuds my brain

head vibrates with thuds

"who's there?"

the awaiting sorrows

or bygone horrors?

should I go?

or let them stay?

"Knock, knock"

now more forceful.
Pushing the thick quilt
off my frozen feet,
I slide to cold wooden creaking floor
taking heavy steps
with dried lips
and sweating hands.
I hold the knob
pull it wide open
in a single go
“What’s your name?”
“So here you are”
she hugs me tight
springing out of me
the things lying inside
the terror, the fear
appears through my eyes.
I wanna run away

but she does pry.

Abruptly, she holds my throat

tries to kill me.

I ask for air to breathe

I try to push her away

fighting with death angel.

The more I fight,

the more agonizing it reacts

until I ask for air.

After a blink,

my breaths get the air

I look around

and she's nowhere

I see the demon

in my head

of world non-existent.

A sigh of relief!

I ease myself

down on the floor
shivering in a corner
Pressing legs closer to chest
resting my head
hugging the folds
console myself.
There's no one
there's no one for you to cry
no one to be in your eye.
The one came
you never wanna confront
your ugly-self, holding a gun
but the heaps of blunders
forever stay as remorse
As haunting echoes
"You can't forget me"
but I do try

I feel relieved
no one to fear of
“Calm down, it was me”
“It was only me!”
“Don’t cry” moonlight says.

Fire and Void

I once felt
Love & pain,
And the spirit of life,
burning inside me.

I touch the burning fire
To make myself
Familiar to emotions
which were once there
exciting me the most.
But whenever I feel
It makes me more blunt
drowned in oblivion

I don't know
If I'm fortunate
in not feeling anymore
Or the hold
I once had
gone from me.
Or am I paying
For the sins I made?

Bloodstained Love

I'd throw
A new glass
break it apart
Scatter it around
then hold a fragment
Tightly gripping in hands
sharp ends ripping the layers
digging deep into the skin
Until the blood drops!
I'd approach you
bleeding hands
Eye to eye
One step after another
Each one taking me near you

The blood dripping hand
I'd raise at you
Other one,
on your bare chest
I'd stab it right into your left
Caressing your cheek
To make you feel
The pain of love
The pain by beloved
Your heart drips blood
Is that weeping?
Or the real bleed?
What's in more pain?
My bleeding hand
or your bleeding heart?
Both are spilling blood
And both the murderers!

Love Blasphemy

Even if I lost my senses

I would tell your name

Like a madman

Who knows nothing

Except a single word

Which he repeats

All night all day

I'd speak your name

As something innate.

I'm wholly

Possessed with you

I'd recall you

I'd recite on a rosary

Like one crams

the holy *ayahs*
Or like a baby
Who just repeats
what echoes in thoughts.
Have you made me
A love-hermit?
A blasphemer?
Oh Please don't!!

Souvenirs

I have nothing left from you
Just some fragments of torn letters
A broken bottle of IN2U
Whenever I open
The fragrance scatters
Digging up the corpses
once buried in the darkest corners
Either of your love
Or our harsh end.
Some flowers
Somewhere in my diary
Dried, still fragrant
The rose you brought
And compared with me

“You blush like rose”
You said,
Caressing my cheek.
I’m left with
A moon in the night
Who mocks me
Telling the things you told
On repeat every night
“See the moon, it’s just like you”
Some scars on my body
Where you’ve touched
I want to remove
That layer of skin
And cut the flesh out
of imprinted sins
And throw it away.
It’s the only souvenir
Left from you.
I have nothing left from you

just a sweet jazz of your *hijr*

At that moment

I thought we'd last forever

But look!

These bitter-sweet memoirs,

The symbols of love

Now void of love,

the wounds on my soul,

Everything's here

except You!

Do you remember

When you held my wrist

A little too tight

That it left redness

your nail left a scratch.

Since then,

I've been protecting

Not letting it heal

Like a holy hallmark

Of your love, on me!
I have nothing left from you
Just some hopes
that you'd return
That you won't part
All isn't easy to let go of
I want to gather
But nothing's in hand
I try to gather
The scattered traces
remaining of our soul
But they sift
Through my fingers
From my pores
The more I try to catch
The more is left with loss.

Lost Fragments

I can't feel anything

I'm dead inside

Just a ghost lurks

wanders with you

Or a part of me

is always with you

Each time you go

A fragment is lost.

So little of me is left

A hopeless

A marred,

Destructed,

Hallucinated.

Nothing's left

Without you
It's something deep
What one can't say
My words are chocked
I'm silent and still
Not everything's to be said
How can one be good?
When the heart bleeds
With a knife stuck in it
I pull the knife out
Scream and yell
With every heaving breath
"Hold me near"
"Don't tear me away"
With every scream I want to say
"Take me away where you stay".

Euphoria

Nothing feels wholly,
Fully, solely good
Being happy
Is a drug
Happiness comes
In little packets of nicotine
Or a *kash* of cigar,
Like the water
in your whiskey,
Lil doses of *hash*,
Sniff and snuff
To suck the life outta it
To be near death
Which I gulp

To numb
Specially, the pain
To feel a bit good
For a moment
To get lost
To delve and dwell
Dive deeper and deeper
But to come up on surface
Dead.
In the moments
Of nothingness.
Forever is the pain
Longevity is in pain
'Happiness' is addiction
To feel less concerned.

Teach me, Preach me

Hey, hello!

I have a request

Can you please give me

That flickering, burning
flame of yours

That you're holding

In yourself.

Oh yes! That one

Can I borrow it

For some time please?

Yes of course, I'd return it to you

When I'll become a holder too!

Listen,

I'm dark inside
Falling into an endless abyss
In me demons abide
Heart is doomed.
Yes, your light
Will hush the demons away
With the angels I'd play
All blacks will slowly turn into grey
All my worries would find a delay
Bring me relief in my dismay
You'd be the master
And I, the prey
Oh, thank you for that gift of yours
Your debt is forever on me to pay
Would return it to you when I may
Or keep it forever till my day!
Yes, I'm prepared
To be burnt in that flame
As I'm that firefly

Whose destiny is the flame
Which she follows and chases
having her end written
To be burnt
in the flame of beloved!

Eternity-A deception

Is there anything
that could last forever?

Any warmth

Or joy

Or even any grief

Anything!

That you own in a way

it becomes thou

Forever and now

That you can proudly say

“It’s my feudal ache

Heirloom of my whole existence

Handed to me by my doom”

That can make thou feel
Like it's your very own
Gives you homeliness
Where forever you can abide
 & say
 "I'm yours, forever!"
 Or
Are we just moving
From one temporariness
 Into the other
From one uncertainty
 Into the other
 Between the
Impermanence of moments
 Just lurking among
the hopes for eternity
Yearning for longevity
 In disillusion.

Song

Foot on foot

Tap tap

Where to go

I don't know

To the left?

to the right?

Eyes catch light

burning bright

happiness,

nervousness

face fright

All is wrong

All is right

All is ahead

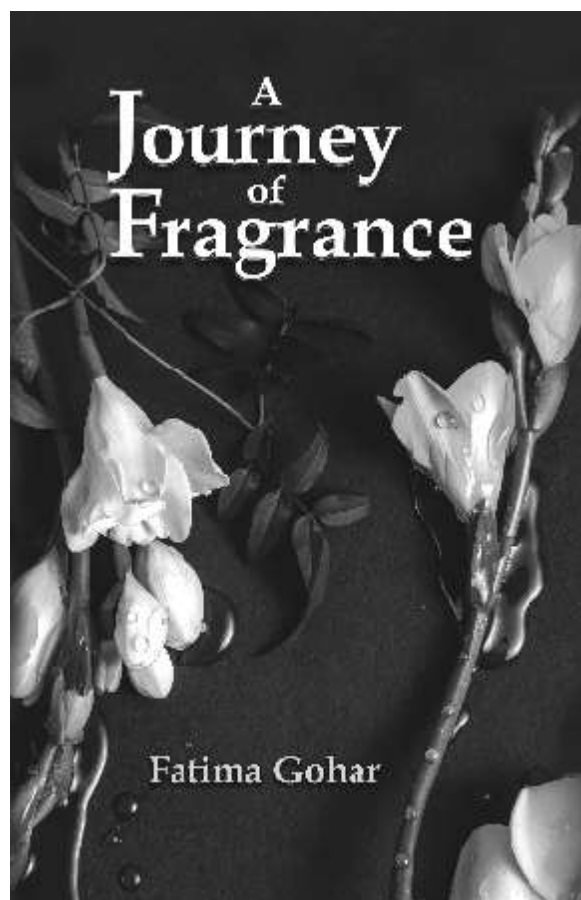
All out of sight


Illusions reign


Where to go

I don't know.

By the same author



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A Note on the Author

Fatima Gohar, a young poetess from Pakistan, published her first poetry collection, *A Journey of Fragrance*, at the age of 14, earning her recognition as one of the country's youngest poets. She is pursuing her Bachelor's degree in English Literature from Quaid-e-Azam University Islamabad, further enhancing her command over language and creative expression. In addition to her literary achievements, Fatima received 20+ certifications, representing her talent and leadership at both district and national levels. She also contributed to international theater and found remarkable at other contests. A graduate of *English Access Microscholarship Program*, supported by the US Embassy, Fatima also contributed her work to various anthologies. With a distinctive poetic style and growing influence, she continues to captivate readers, weaving profound themes of human experience into her expressive writing.



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